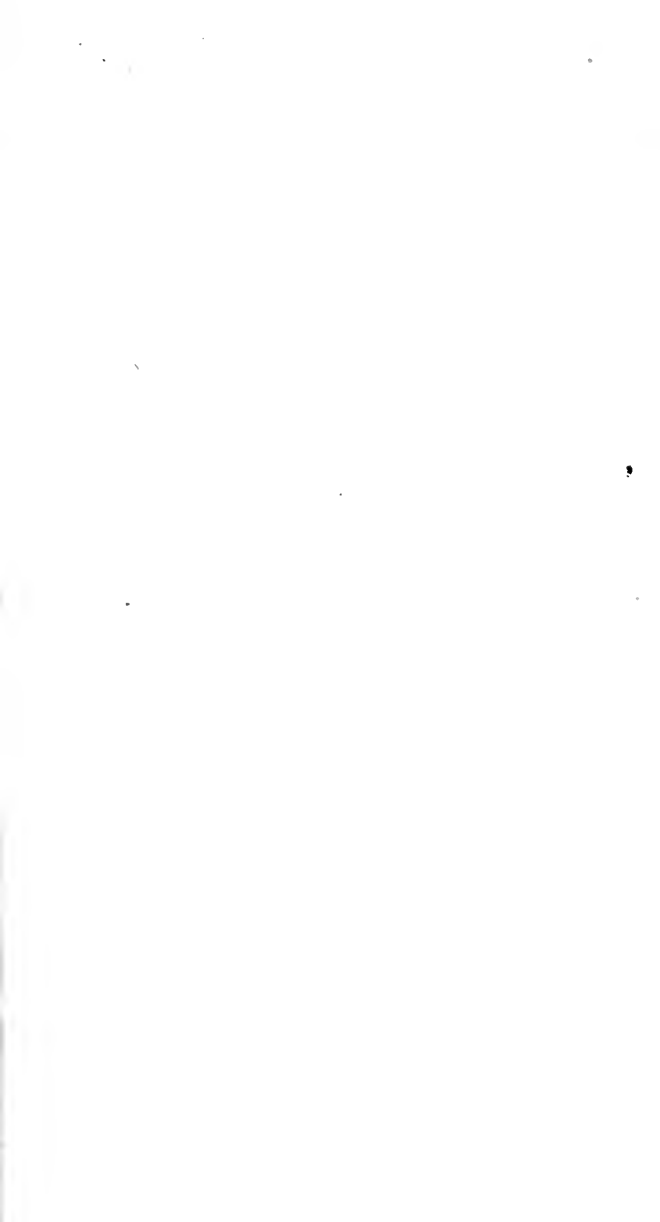


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Wm. L. L.

THE
P O E M S
OF A
BRITISH SAILOR.



BY
JOHN MITFORD.

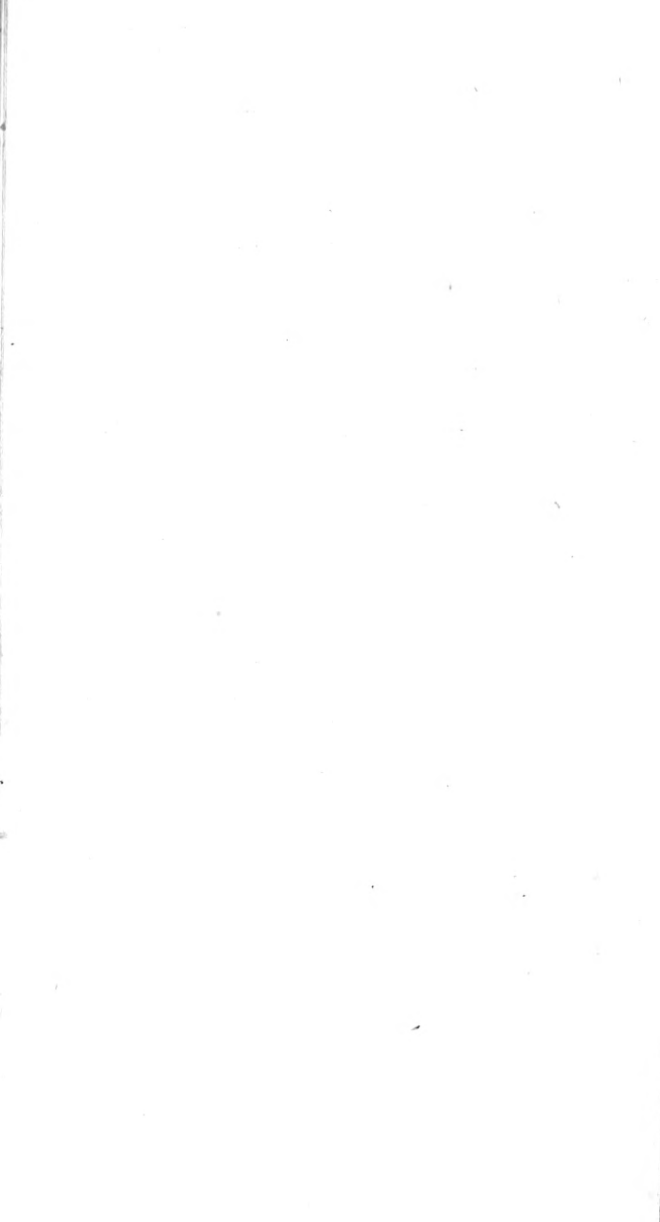
'Tis the song that hath cheer'd me on Death's solemn field,
And rous'd all the Warrior to life in my breast;
Inspiring Religion, it proved a firm shield,
When Glory stood tiptoe on Honour's proud crest.

LONDON:

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1818.



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THE reader will perceive that the Author's muse soothed him at home, in Egypt, in Greece, in Spain, in Italy:—in sickness, in health, in freedom, and in chains, by land and sea, under every vicissitude of fortune domestic and professional ; consequently, the style, in which the poems are written, is varied—the verse flowing as the feelings of the heart, and little peculiarities of mood, often dictated. Refinement, correctness, and elegance, it is hoped,

will not always be sought for in vain; and where expectation is not wholly gratified, an allowance will be made for one who was not ushered into a bright and pleasing existence, from the down bed of prosperity and affluence, with all the benefits of a classical education; but steep at once, in uninstructed childhood, from the cheerless threshold of bleak obscurity, to be rocked in the cradle of adversity, and hushed to slumber by the voice of the storm.

The author will not bespeak good opinion, by quoting the names of those by whose advice he is guided in this publication, but rather stand or fall, alone and unsupported. War has been his chief study; the expanse of ocean his principal book: engaged from Saint Vincent's to the Nile. during a series of eventful years,

beneath the protecting eye of the soul-inspiring **NELSON**, he acquired, from his example, that general affection for the human race, which, he trusts, forms, by his own merits, the ground work and moral of all his essays, and will insure him the attention of those, who, overlooking trifling critical errors, can be pleased with natural pictures, drawn without embellishment, directly from the heart of a **BRITISH SAILOR**.

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THE REBEL'S FATE ;

OR

THE DEATH OF CARROLL.

Written in Dublin Harbour during the recent Disturbances.

SOFTLY row'd to my ship a poor exile from Erin,
Sunk was his cheek, and his face wan and pale ;
No fire of his youth in his dark eye appearing,
And wet was his hair as it wav'd in the gale,
Fault'ring and fearful he claim'd my protection,
" The soldiers pursue me in ev'ry direction,
The red eye of death gleams in ev'ry complexion,
Save me, ah, stranger, in peace let me die !"

The child of misfortune, oh, yes I befriended,
None ever sued for my mercy in vain ;
" Stranger in error, mine arm is extended,
'Tis feeble, but yet may support thee in pain."
I receiv'd, and I shelter'd the stranger in error,
I chas'd from his bosom the phantoms of terror :
For once on a Briton he look'd without horror,
Saying, " Bless thee, young stranger, in peace I may die."

"They murder'd my wife—they polluted my daughter—
 The shrieks of my poor dying parents still ring ;
 The plaints of a husband were turn'd into laughter,
 And then—*not till then*—did I turn from my king.
 I bore the green standard with fervent devotion,
 I press'd to the death-daring field of commotion ;
 Thus wounded, I utter'd, with ardent emotion,
 'I bleed for my country—Eiren go Bragh.'

"Fall'n is the cause which revenge made me enter :
 Dear parents, wife, daughter, oh ! God, they are thine ;
 On the green hills of Eiren no more must I venture,
 Come, death, and conclude these sufferings of mine."
 Death's herald approaches—the drum rolls before them,
 The soldiers advance, and in vain I implore them ;
 From the hand that had shelter'd, alas ! they have torn him,
 And a mockery of justice declares he shall die.

"Then welcome death's terrors," exclaim'd the proud
 stranger,
 (While the fire of his soul flash'd in rage from his eye,)
 "In battle was Carroll the foremost in danger,
 And think ye that now he's to learn how to die ?
 I have fought for my country—to die for her glory,
 Your bands in dismay have fled trembling before me,
 And Carroll for mercy disdains to implore ye ;
 Island of martyrs, sweet Eiren go Bragh."

They seiz'd him and bound him, they call'd it their duty,
 Undaunted, his spirit met death in full view ;
 "The hand of a patriot," he cried, "won't pollute you :
 Stranger, my thanks, and eternal adieu."

Tears fall from my eyes—the soft impulse of nature,
As the cold dews of death settled damp on each feature,
With the last breath of life he address'd his Creator,
And sigh'd in death's agonies, “Eiren go Bragh !”

Belfast, 1806.

M A R Y ;
OR
T H E S U I C I D E .

“ Poor lost * * * *, still I seem to hear,
The clod which struck thy hollow-sounding bier ;
When friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown’d,
Thy midnight rites—but not on hallow’d ground.”

CAMPBELL.

WHERE down the vale blithe Wansbeck* pours
Its slowly winding tranquil stream,
And over Mitford’s mouldering towers
The pale moon darts her glancing beam.

Where trembling aspens lightly wave,
And Alde church rears its spire on high,
Fond memory points to Mary’s grave,
And calls forth many a mournful sigh.

Oh, Mary, thou wast dear to all,
For wit, for worth, and youthful bloom ;
Yet, who upheld thy solemn pall ?
What hallow’d strains breath’d o’er thy tomb ?

* A romantic stream, flowing through Mitford vale, and washing the base of Mitford castle.

No pious preacher rais'd his hand
 To bless thy much-lov'd form so low ;
 But impious tongues the memory brand,
 Of her who shorten'd life and woe.

Dire was the act—may Heaven forgive—
 'Twas frenzy urg'd thee to the deed ;
 May he who caus'd the crime long live,*
 And misery make his heart-strings bleed.

Curs'd be, through life, the miscreant vile
 That peace and virtue could betray ;
 May mankind on his sufferings smile,
 When dead, Heaven's portals bar his way.

Oh, may the prayer for misery's child
 Ascend to Him whose power can save ;
 And Heaven's dread sentence pass as mild
 As sweeps the night-wind o'er her grave.

Oft shall the minstrel mourn thy doom,
 In pray'r by Wansbeck's murmuring stream,
 At midnight hour, when o'er thy tomb
 The pale moon darts her glancing beam.

Mitford Hill,
September, 1800.

* “ May he outlive his relations and friends,” was the heaviest curse a Roman could bestow upon his most bitter enemy.

THE TOMB OF ROMANA.

Translated from the Spanish.

STRANGER!—say, who lowly sleeps
 In yonder fresh and nameless grave,
 Where the kneeling widow weeps?—
 'Tis the death-bed of the brave.

There ROMANA's ashes moulder—
 Child of honour, free from stain.—
 Never did a nobler soldier
 Fight, and die for love of Spain.

Tell me not of Roncesvalles,
 Him who storm'd at glory's call,
 The turrets nine of Melon's palace,*
 Tales of yore, and fables all.

* Ancient Spanish that celebrate feats *said* to have been performed against the Moors in the wars of Grenada.

Chieftain ! first in gallant stories,
Fame and truth thy deeds make known ;
Spain, in war, shall hail thy glories,
Peaceful times inscribe thy stone.

Orenza, in Catalonia,
1811.

THE MANIAC'S SONG ;

OR

THE COAT OF BLUE.

YOUNG stranger ! turn, oh, turn to me—

I love thee for that coat of blue ;

Methinks my love again I see,

My Henry ! loyal, brave, and true.

That coat—aye, such my Henry wore—

Didst thou attend him to the grave—

Saws't thou him fall on Egypt's shore,

And couldst not thou my Henry save ?

What, weeps thou ? dry those eyes of thine,

For deeper woes reserve that tear :

Wait till the morning's sun doth shine,

And drop it on my mother's bier.

She died of grief when Henry fell—

My senses fled beside her grave—

She lov'd my Henry, lov'd him well,

For none ere died more good and brave.

But Henry can return no more !

Feel, feel, good friend, my burning brain ;
 'Twill burn till Henry comes on shore,
 Or till, in Heaven, we meet again.

'Tis time to pray—the hour wears late—

This kiss !—a maniac's last adieu !
 Say, when thou speaks of Mary's fate,
 She lov'd thee for that coat of blue.

Dalintober, Argyleshire,

1806.

A STORM ON SHORE,

AND

A STORM AT SEA ;

The Lot of the Peasant and Seaman contrasted.

“ Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround,
In all the gay variety of mirth,
How many sink in the devouring flood.”

THOMSON.

How fierce the storm at closing day
Is whistling round the poor man's head,
Who homeward takes his weary way,
Where peace smiles o'er his humble shed.

Though wintry terrors cloud his way,
And chill his labours on the plain,
At night his cot, serenely gay,
Receives him safe from wind and rain.

And there his lovely partner dear,
 With smiling babes around the fire,
 Listen the rising latch to hear,
 Admit the husband, friend, and sire.

He comes, and instant gladness reigns ;
 The simple meal in haste is spread ;
 From labour appetite he gains,
 And sweet, though coarse, is labour's bread.

There love and joy, twin social powers,
 To bless him all the evening vie ;
 In guileless talk swift fly the hours,
 Till in the grate the embers die.

While each young prattler hush'd and calm,
 Half spells—half reads—his ev'ning prayer,
 And hastes to prove sleep's soothing balm ;
 How sweet they sleep who know no care.

The parents next—due homage paid,
 Sink tranquil in each other's arms ;
 No crime their conscience to upbraid,
 Disturbs their rest with dire alarms.

How different is his luckless chance,
 Who braves the watery tempest's roar ;
 Is toss'd amidst the blue expanse,
 Far distant from his native shore.

In vain, at closing day, his eye
 With ardent gaze is cast around ;
 No friendly shore, no shelter nigh,
 But all is wrapt in gloom profound.

No anxious, fond, and fearful mate,
 Or children near their father throng ;
 Far from him they foretel his fate,
 On every blast that drives along.

Proud billows triumph o'er the deck,
 The sails in shivers quick are torn ;
 And, lo ! the vessel drifts a wreck,
 Before th' impetuous whirlwind borne.

Now down between two wat'ry hills
 They sink, and fear appals the brave ;
 Now mounting as the ocean wills,
 They ride upon the topmost wave.

The thoughts of wife, of children, friends,
 Rush to the sea-boy's aching heart ;
 His brimful eyes on Heaven he bends,
 Saying, " There we'll meet, no more to part."

" When God o'er nature drops the scene,
 And earth and ocean are no more ;
 These eyes that weep shall smile serene,
 These feet shall tread some happier shore :

“These arms my wife and babes entwine,
 In worlds beyond the gloomy grave ;
 Where Heaven’s eternal day will shine,
 Where JESUS lives, who died to save.”

Resign’d he bows, and free from dread,
 The fates on every billow rise ;
 Descending seas close o’er his head,
 The soul immortal seeks the skies.

Unnoticed in life’s scenes so gay,
 The sea-boy’s sun hath ceas’d to shine ;
 Such was his fate, perhaps to-day,
 And such to-morrow may be mine.

Then think ye, who no ills endure,
 Beneath a shelt’ring roof at ease ;
 You hear the war of winds secure,
 Oh, think on him who braves the seas.

And when stern winter strips the vale,
 When clouds and darkness day deform,
 The hapless sea-boy’s lot bewail,
 Whose head’s exposed to every storm.

*Written at Sea during a gale of wind,
 upon the coast of Egypt, in 1798.*

THE RETROSPECT,

AND

ANTICIPATION.

ALL private sorrow sinks—all home-felt care,
Before confusion, horror, and despair ;
Beneath their feet, whilst suffering thousands groan,
Triumphant Murder mounts her clotted throne :
And where retiring Peace made nature gay,
Stern and relentless Havoc bends his way ;
He breathes in fire, and blasts the hopeful year,
Rage in his front, and Famine in his rear.
Swift as the death-flash lights the gloomy skies,
On every side see Desolation rise ;
The ruin rises from Siberia's shore,
To where the winds o'er Scythia's deserts roar ;
And, soak'd in human blood, the Duna's side
Bears earth-born fiends to cross his crimson'd tide.

Where the sweet pipe cheer'd many a happy vale,
 With shrieks of murder mourns the loaded gale ;
 And where rude Virtue smil'd in realms of snow,
 The crested flames of Gallic vengeance glow ;
 Where northern grandeur rear'd her spires on high,
 Lo, one wide waste of smoking ruins lie ;
 Dim o'er the scene Gaul's struggling eagles play,
 And points the bloody spoiler's treacherous way.

Disastrous way—behold, he turns—he flies—
 Keen for revenge a million Russians rise.
 He flies at last before the avenging rod,
 Who shook Heaven's thunder, and defied his God.
 Red o'er the snow the sun of vengeance gleams,
 And Gaul turns pale where Russia's ensign streams.
 The veteran KUTUSOFF, with locks of grey,
 Scatters before him terror and dismay.
 The hardy chief of Scythia's barren lands,
 The unwearied PLATOFF spreads his gallant bands ;
 Heaven aids the cause—Destruction rides on high—
 They fight—they yield—expire—some feebly fly ;
 Religion's banner wide in air unfurl'd,
 Appals for once the tyrant of the world.
 No, not the prince, who Persia's glories knew,
 O'er the dark Hellespont so meanly flew ;
 No, not the prince who first was taught to yield
 To PETER's fortune in Pultowa's field,
 Fled half so meanly from their suffering bands,
 AS BUONAPARTE from Russia's crimson'd lands.

Dragg'd in a sledge—fear, famine by his side,
 Flew Europe's scourge, and boasting Gallia's pride:
 He flew to tell what France will long deplore,
 Three hundred thousand sleep to wake no more!
 Cold o'er their bosoms sweeps the northern gale,
 For none will bury whom none can bewail.

Hail, thou bright Janus, herald of the year,
 Which closes only on Napoleon's bier;
 This year shall sweep the Oppressor from the world,
 And every eye see Freedom's flag unfurl'd:
 BEAUMARQUIS trembles, MURAT hides his head,
 And hope from DAVOUST hath for ever fled;
 Even TALLEYRAND bends low his reverend form,*
 And yields, in sullen silence, to the storm:
 Prince, bishop, monster, arm'd with Satan's powers,
 How dark and hopeless must be thy last hours?
 When o'er thy pallid brow death's blossoms wave,
 And damning blasphemy leads thee to the grave.
 Die with thy master's reign—for short's the day
 Whose sunbeams glitter on a murderer's sway;

* I consider this ex-bishop as the very worst character that ever lent his abilities to NAPOLEON'S service. If he did not strike the blow, he pointed the dagger; if he did not administer the poison, he mixed the cup. He only appears less atrocious than his master, because, what one avows with the face of a braggart, the other hides with the secret veil of cunning and cowardice.

Soon from his bloody and polluted throne,
Unpitied shall he fall—nor fall alone :
His life-blood reeking on the dagger's blade,
Will reach those hearts whose councils were his aid ;
The joyful news will spread to ev'ry shore,
And unchain'd millions breathe in peace once more.

Crawford Street,
Montague Square,
1814.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

TO THE MEMORY OF

ROBERT BURNS.

“The traveller shall come, he that saw me in youth and beauty shall come; his eyes will search the field, but they shall not find me.”

OSSIAN.

Why seeks the muse the shelter'd glade,
 Why hangs the poet's lyre unstrung?
 The bard of nature low is laid,
 And silent is his timely tongue.

No more his “native wood-notes wild,”
 Shall sweetly hail the rising day;
 No more shall Scotia's darling child
 On Ayr's green banks enraptur'd stray.

The rising hill—the lowly dale—

The hawthorn hedge, or gliding stream,
From which he form'd the varied tale—
No more shall be the poet's theme,

No more upon the mountain's brow,
While raves the tempest, shall he roam;
And soaring o'er the expanse below,
In thought ascend his Heavenly home,

That heart, which beat with love to all,
Which own'd a just and righteous God,
Now heaves no more at nature's call,
But silent rests beneath the sod.

Remembrance oft shall musing tread
The turf which hides him from her eyes;
And there, upon his clay-cold bed,
Shall burst his widow's heart-felt sighs.

The traveller, too, shall thither come
In search of him—for ever fled;
The “voice of COILA” * now is dumb,
The breast inspir'd amongst the dead.

But as thy soul-lamented bard,
Immortal lives near God on high;
So shall thy fame on earth meet just reward—
Thy matchless works can never die.

* Burns, in imitation of Ossian, sometimes designated his
use, “the voice of COILA.”

Far hence be every thought of mirth,
 Whilst o'er thy tomb I bend in pray'r;
Bards yet unborn shall sing the worth
 Of him who trod the banks of Ayr.

At Sea,
Near the coast of Ayreshire,
1805.

S T A N Z A S,

COMPOSED

*On the Quay at Dublin, when viewing the Embarkation of a
Detachment of Troops for the Expedition to Copenhagen.*

HARK ! the herald of death—hark ! the tremulous drum,
Calls the children of glory away ;
The hour to embark, long expected, is come,
And the crest of proud honour waves gay.

O'er the dark ship, whose prow breaks the mad'ning wave,
The banners of England float high ;
The sight cheers the passage to honour's cold grave,
And the soldier bears hope in his eye.

She parts from the shore—a last tribute, three cheers !
Is echoed aloud through the air ;
But why from mine eyes stream in silence the tears,
At a moment when joy should be there ?

It is feelings too keen have awaken'd my soul,
And the tears of delight dim mine eye ;
For the glory of England they silently roll,
And hope lives in every sigh.

'Tis the heart-throb of gladness :—go, brave fellows, go,
Where glory directs your career ;
May she speed you in conquest through regions of snow,
And home to meet gratitude's tear !

TO ELLEN.

Written at Midnight, 1804.

WHILST o'er my head the night-winds rave,
My weary eyelids cannot close,
For tears that fall upon the grave,
Where Ellen rests from all her woes.

Fond memory brings her to my sight,
Her witching smile, her languid air,
As when the longest winter's night
Pass'd quickly, free from every care.

Stern sickness tears my harrass'd frame,
With Ellen soon in peace to lie;
I gaze around, repeat her name,
Start from my couch, and wish to die.

Are these the joys I hop'd to share?
Joys!—what they are I scarcely know:
Youth's raptured visions form'd in air,
False hopes that turn to bitter woe.

Still o'er my breast the night-winds rave,
Mine eyes in peace will never close ;
But silent tears bedew the grave
Where Ellen rests from all her woes.

*Strangford Cottage,
County Down.*

S O R R O W ;

TO

BERTHA.

OH, BERTHA, look not thus with scorn,
 For I can bear that look no more ;
 My soul, dejected and forlorn,
 For ever will this change deplore.

Relax that frown—unbend that brow,
 Thou canst not joy to give me pain,
 And ill forget each broken vow,
 And never dream of love again.

Nor will I think how dear we lov'd,
 When o'er the heath-clad hills we stray'd
 Down Mecklinn stream delighted rov'd,
 To rest beneath the jessmine's shade.

Where I have watch'd thy sun-bright eyes,
 With melting softness on me turn—
 The mantling cheeks—the half-check'd sighs,
 And life streams in the lips that burn.

'Twas then thy panting bosom fair
I kiss'd with more than mortal pleasure,
And saw, through locks of flowing hair,
Rise blushing from the lips warm pressure.

The looks demure, and downcast eye,
Can I forget these scenes? ah, never;
But Bertha's chang'd, those visions die,
And love and joy are fled for ever.

D E A T H

or

T H E S A I L O R - B O Y.

SWIFT flew the scud along the wave,
 Repeated thunders roll'd on high ;
 All hands on deck the storm to brave,
 At midnight was the boatswain's cry :
 Aloft sprung every soul apace,
 But one bereft of human joy,
 Within a hammock's narrow space,
 Lay stretch'd this hapless sailor-boy.

Once, when the boatswain's pipe would hail,
 The first he was of all the crew
 On deck to run, to trim the sail,
 To steer, to reef, to furl, or clew ;—
 Now fell disease had seiz'd his form,
 Which nature cast in happiest mold :
 The bell struck midnight through the storm—
 His last—his funeral dirge it toll'd.

Oh, GOD, he pray'd,—oh, SAVIOUR, dear !
 Before my spirit seeks the skies,
 Is there no friend, or messmate near,
 To close in death my weary eyes.
 All hands on high ! loud blows the wind !
 And loud surrounding billows roar !
 He rais'd his head,—he bow'd,—resign'd,
 And backward sunk to rise no more !

The morning sun in splendour rose,
 The gale was hush'd, and still'd the wave ;
 The sea-boy found his last repose,
 In ocean's deep and boundless grave.
 But HE who guards the humblest head—
 HE who can save, or can destroy,
 Caught the pure spirit as it fled,
 And rais'd to Heaven the sailor-boy.

*On board the Zealous, on the coast of Egypt,
 near Alexandria, October 11th, 1798.*

THE ISLAND FIEND.

To Elba's green island a demon has flown,
 The horror and scourge of mankind ;
 As hard as the iron, and cold as the stone,
 Which in Elba's dark mines and her quarries are known,
 Is his heart to all evil inclin'd.

The agent of mischief to torture the world
 His brows with a diadem bound ;
 But the genius of virtue her standard unfurl'd,
 And his sons thronging round, from his pinnacle hurl'd,
 And struck the foul fiend to the ground.

Condemn'd in this island, imprison'd to sigh,
 His passion for mischief prevails :
 When the wind whistles loud, and the wave rises high,
 He lists to the sound of the mariner's cry,
 And smiles at the storm-shatter'd sails.

Though the race of mankind are no longer his prey,
 Still cruelty pleasures supply :
 The generous dog must the tyrant obey,
 He plucks from the dove her soft plumage away,
 And, DOMITIAN like, tortures the fly.

But he suffers at intervals horror and fright ;
 For the demon must tremble and fear,
 When the shadows of PICHEGRU, PALM, D'ENGHEIN,
 WRIGHT,
 Appear in the darkness and stillness of night—
 Then his eye sheds the cowardly tear.

Hope, the wretch's last friend, from his bosom has fled,
 And despair dark encircles him round ;
 Wherever he lies, or wherever he treads,
 Plants noxious to life rear their venomous heads,
 And venomous reptiles are found.

Here, unpitied, unwept, till the final decree,
 Let the blood-sated demon remain ;
 In vain from himself still attempting to flee ;
 That he tastes not of death let his punishment be,
 And his conscience his torturing pain.

A R M I N

DEPLORING

THE LOSS OF HIS DAUGHTER.

A Paraphrase from Ossian.

ALONE on the rock, rudely wash'd by the waves,
My daughter was heard to complain ;
Her cries sounded mournfully sad in the caves,
And echoed along the hoarse main.

Her voice, ere the morning, died slowly away,
Like the murmuring evening breeze,
When faintly it sighs through tall grass in decay,
And retires from the ear by degrees.

Spent with grief she expir'd, and left me alone,
Unfit for the combats of war ;
The pride of my strength from my bosom is gone,
My daughter, belov'd, is no more !

Grown aged and feeble—ah, what could I do?

I lamented all night by the main;

By the moon I beheld her—a dim transient view—

But never beheld her again!

When fierce o'er my head the dark tempests roar,

And the north lifts the white wave on high,

I muse on the beach, and my daughter explore,

As the moon slowly moves up the sky.

Half viewless around me my children's ghosts shriek,

And seem to confer near the shore.—

In pity, oh, answer! will none of you speak?—

They regard their sad father no more!

*Written off the Island of Colonsay,
one of the Hebrides.*

WAR SONG.

HARK ! the martial trumpet sounding,
 Notes that echo loud alarms ;
 Hills and vales, and rocks, repeating
 Sons of Britain ! fly to arms !

Sons of Britain ! sons of Freedom !
 Draw the sword, raise high the shield ;
 Haste, for England's future safety,
 Haste, and dare the bloody field !

GOD of HEAVEN ! array'd in glory,
 Here thy powerful arm extend ;
 Kneeling gratitude adores thee !
 Sole Protector, Guide, and Friend !

Lisping babes, with arms extended,
 For protection loudly call :
 Fathers ! for your children's safety,
 Forward, forward, one and all !

Son ! behold an aged mother—
 Mark her locks of silver grey ;
 On that bosom thou hast slumber'd—
 There she kiss'd thy tears away.

Mark that look ! words can't express it,
 Loud it pleads, though mute the tongue ;
 It thrills my soul, my life—my mother !
 I, thy child, am brave and young.

I, thy child, will ne'er forsake thee,
 My right arm shall guard thy head ;
 I, from every harm will save thee—
 Save, or slumber with the dead.

Come then, come thou Consul Tyrant,
 Wild, indignant throbs my heart ;
 Haste thee, Freedom's destin'd victim—
 Tyranny and thee must part.

Consul ! hearts united wait thee ;
 Freedom's banner high unfurl'd,
 Waves o'er heads that long to meet thee—
 Conquering, to save the world.

S T A N Z A S,

*On the Recovery of a Brother from a sudden and
dangerous Indisposition.*

OH God of the righteous, the virtuous, and brave !
The Friend of the friendless, and Guide of the just !
Attend to the prayer of a mortal—a slave—
A sinner repentant—an atom of dust !

Accept, for a brother, instructor, and friend,
The only return that a world could bestow—
For his life—accept praises which never shall end,
From a fount whence pure gratitude ever shall flow !

THOU saw him with agony, words can't express—
In a moment reduc'd to the brink of the grave—
The wife of his bosom ! THOU saw her distress,
And stretch'd forth thine hand both to comfort and save.

All language is weak—all expression is mean—

To sing praises which never, shall never decay ;
Be my grateful devotions by THEE only seen,
And may silence speak raptures words cannot convey.

Mitford Hill,

P A R A P H R A S E

OF THE

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY SEVENTH PSALM.

By the waters of Babylon we sat ourselves down,
 And remember'd thee Sion, with sorrow and care ;
 Our harps on the willows were carelessly hung,
 Our minds deeply wrung with remorse and despair.

Our rulers with scoffing demanded a song,
 Saying, give unto GOD, your deliverer, due praise ;
 But how could we sing in a land that was strange,
 Among people who never had walk'd in THY ways ?

May my right hand its office this moment forget,
 And a captive abroad may I constantly roam—
 If I cease to remember Jerusalem so glorious,
 My parents, my country, religion, and home !

Oh, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth,
 If I ever forget thee in trouble or joy ;
 But requite THOU the children of Edom, oh, LORD !
 For they cried out, " Away, and Jerusalem destroy !"

“Down, down with it low,” they exultingly cried:
 Oh, Babylon, may misery encompass thee round;
 And bless’d be the hand that our cause shall revenge,
 And see thy proud walls levell’d low with the ground.

The babe at the breast shall be dash’d on the stones,
 The agoniz’d mother unpitied shall die;
 The father in chains shall be borne away captive,
 While our harps praise with joy the AVENGER on high.

At Sea, in sight of Palestine;
on board the Torride gun-boat,
 1798.

E V E L I N A ;

FROM

The original Irish of Carolin.

ON the brow of the valley the white hawthorn hung,
 On its blossoms I saw the first blush of the day ;
 The morning delightful, gay, charming, and young,
 Kiss'd the rose, and laugh'd on us the season of May.

Rise, rise, EVELINA ! thou soul of my muse,
 “ More lovely than morn in her blushes arise,
 “ More sweet than the rifled rose weeping in dews,
 “ More modest than it when it bends from the skies !”

Rise, rise, EVELINA ! and cross the bright fountain,
 Where sweetly the heath-bells are waving around ;
 For the strawberry thy lover will climb the high mountain,
 For nuts rob the hazle that shades the low ground.

For thee will he twine a sweet wreath of gay flowers !
 To thee every fruit of the season he'll bring ;
 To thee strike the harp in the soft smiling hours,
 With nature's wing'd minstrels thy praises to sing.

The swan's silver plumage is dark to thy bosom,
The azure of Heaven is dim to thine hair ;
The pure infant loves in thine eyes are reposing,
Surrounded by pleasures, bright, sparkling and fair.

Then rise, EVELINA ! thou soul of my muse !
“ More lovely than morning's first blushes arise,
“ More sweet than the rifled rose weeping in dews,
“ More modest than it as it bends from the skies !”

A CHARADE.*

SOFT as silk on blooming bride,
 Smooth as marble's polish'd side,
 Streak'd with shades of purple flood,
 Fill'd with nectar, heavenly food.
 By Venus and the graces drest,
 Ever panting to be prest,
 Veil'd like the moon in thin attire,
 Through which, discern'd, we all admire.
 Tell me, BERTHA, what are these,
 Scarcely seen, yet form'd to please?

* The only thing of this kind I ever attempted ;—though approved by those for whom it was written, I decline such a task in future. Lady P. excelled in such compositions.

THE FRAGRANT FLOWER.

*A celebrated, though simple, Chinese Air. The Prose
translated in BARROW'S Travels.*

Oh, how sweet this flower in bloom,
Through my bower it breathes perfume ;
From the hour of dawning day
Thou shalt make my bosom gay.
 Abroad, thy beauties envied be,
 At home, thy sweets shall solace me.

My senses, cheer—my bosom's pride—
Sweet emblem of my beauteous bride :
Like my bride—my joy and care,
Like her, fragrant, soft, and fair ;
 Like her, lov'd and envied be,
 Living but to solace me.

Fear not then the zephyr's breath,
Fear not then a transient death ;
Gently on my bosom lie,
Breathing sweets that cannot die.
 Abroad, my bride shall present be,
 For all her beauties bloom in thee.

PARAPHRASE

OF THE

CURSE PRONOUNCED ON ADAM AND EVE;

FROM

Genesis, Chap. 3, Verses 16, 17, 18, and 19.

GOD to the WOMAN thus in anger said,
 Whilst round him awful wonders were displayed :—
 “ Thy sorrow in conception shall be great,
 “ Multiplied terrors on thy child-bed wait;
 “ Pangs indescribable shall seize thee o’er,
 “ And rack thy feeble frame at every pore.
 “ To make thy misery deep and deeper still,
 “ Bend thou subservient to thy husband’s will;
 “ Let him rule o’er thee with imperial sway,
 “ And be it thy bounden duty to obey.”

The GOD who stood before them all confest,
 This solemn curse to ADAM next addrest :—
 “ Because thou hearkened to thy sinning wife,
 “ Despising ME, sole author of thy life !

“ And touch’d that fruit, which I, the ALMIGHTY I,
 “ Said, when thou eat’st of ‘ thou shalt surely die !’
 “ For thy sake, cursed is the fruitful ground,
 “ Curst every green herb that thereon is found ;
 “ The stream henceforth shall in pollution flow,
 “ And poisonous herbs in rank profusion grow.
 “ To check the growth of seed throughout the land,
 “ And mar the produce of thy labouring hand ;
 “ Thy bitter bread in sorrow shalt thou raise,
 “ In sorrow shalt thou eat it all thy days ;
 “ Each morn renewing thy sad painful toil,
 “ Thy life supporting from a sterile soil.
 “ Ah ! man misled, now to perdition hurl’d,
 “ Ah ! wretched father of a wretched world !
 “ Through countless ages curst shall be thy name,
 “ Curst in thy disobedience, guilt, and shame ;
 “ Millions unborn thy solemn fate shall mourn,
 “ For dust thou art, and shall to dust return !”

For ever from them straight he wing’d his way,
 To peaceful regions of eternal day !

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN

A THUNDER STORM.

Loud rolls the thunder on my ear,
Blue lightnings flash across the sky :
The guilty shrink with pallid fear,
And dread the bolt which passeth by.

Thou abject wretch ! unfit to live,
Whose guilt exiles thee from the day,
Repent—for HE can thee forgive,
Who wings the lightning's devious way.

In conscious safety calm *he* hears,
The storm that rages from above ;
Whose breast religion's fervor cheers,
Whose hopes are fix'd on heavenly love.

I love to hear the explosion loud,
 To fix serene my wandering eye,
 Where, gleaming from the opening cloud,
 Successive meteors light the sky.

To mark the gathering tempest lour,
 Advancing awful, deep, and strong,
 To hear the wild wind bring the shower,
 This silent, listening vale along.

How still and solemn is this pause,
 All nature shrinking waits the sound ;
 Dark clouds dispart—the eternal cause,
 With deep convulsion shakes the ground.

More quick and short the rattling peals,
 Near, and still nearer, now they roll ;
 Sedately conscious virtue feels
 The jarring crash that rends the pole.

THOU dread Unknown ! on THEE I call,
 Whose nod the elements obey,
 If I must fall—oh ! speed my soul,
 To realms of everlasting day.

I feel my soul inspir'd by THEE,
 Expanding from her clay abode ;
 On heavenly wings in thought I flee,
 To THEE my Guard, my Guide, and God.

THINE only SON with glad surprize
 I see, while kneeling worlds adore,
 And hear HIM say, " My child, arise,
 " Come to these arms, and sin no more."

Oh ! come those sweets that never cloy,
 Which Heaven for mortals has in store ;
 A day of never-ending joy,
 That dawns in peace to close no more.

Then rage the tempest in its might,
 With sure and certain hope I stand,
 Convinc'd the bolt will fall aright,
 When hurl'd from THY all-mighty hand.

Mitford Hill,
 1801.

DUNCAN MACRAY.

THE bright star of eve had arose o'er the mountain,
 The toil-worn-out shepherd bent homeward his way,
 When, reclin'd on his staff by the side of a fountain,
 Where Brinkburn's high turrets look proud in decay,*
 In the garb of a sailor, with aspect of sorrow,
 From which painting the lines of distraction might borrow,
 Death's last livid gleam shew'd each pain-wrinkled furrow,
 That disfigur'd the face of poor DUNCAN MACRAY.

For strength and true courage, for manliest beauty,
 Who once was so fam'd, so admir'd as he?
 War's trumpet resounded, he deem'd it his duty
 To join Britain's heroes—the lords of the sea!
 Vain were the tears of a fond aged mother,
 And vainly implor'd a lov'd sister and brother,
 Awhile glory steel'd him affection to smother—
 He kiss'd them, he bless'd them, and hurried away.

* Brinkburn Abbey, a romantic ruin, situated on the borders of Northumberland.

The wide streaming Nile saw him combat for glory,
 Which he gain'd on the ruins of Britain's proud foe;
 The wave of Trafalgar beheld him all gory,
 Hurl death from the deck where a NELSON laid low.
 Before Saint Domingo he levell'd the thunder,
 Which wrapt in fierce flame the vile miscreants of
 plunder;
 From the first post of danger no mortal could sunder,
 The champion of Tweed—noble DUNCAN MACRAY.

At his post he was found, though from wounds scarce
 recover'd;

The cold damps of night had enfeebled his frame,
 The pestilent death o'er his hammock had hover'd,
 And left but of DUNCAN the heart and the name!
 Discharg'd from the service, he thought of his mother;
 In the dreams of the night saw his sister and brother,
 With prize-money plenty, their griefs would he smother,
 And make life's fond eve pass more bright than the
 day.

Steering north on the coach, how his eye wandered wistful!
 Fond fancy the horses outstript in their speed;
 Berwick gates he has enter'd, when joyous and blissful,
 He pac'd up the ever-dear banks of the Tweed.
 Clear were the sun's rays bespangling the river,
 And flowers on its margin as blooming as ever;
 Its village-smoke rises, and never, ah! never,
 Had he felt such pure joy since he wander'd away.

O'er the Routing Linn* head he sprang heedless and lightly,
 A thousand fond thoughts in his bosom arise;
 A female in white to his cottage tript sprightly,
 He thought 'twas his sister—joy stream'd from his eyes.
 Through the woodbine he planted, the window entwining,
 He look'd, and saw pleasure on three faces shining:
 For a mother's caress his soul ardently pining—
 Sprang over the threshold poor DUNCAN MACRAY.

A mother was there—a fond sister and brother—
 In plenty, contentment, and every thing gay;
 But the pledge DUNCAN sought, it belong'd to another,
 They knew not the form of poor DUNCAN MACRAY!
 “A fever rag'd here, and thy brother departed,
 Thy parent and sister expir'd, broken hearted,
 For thee!”—Thrill'd with horror the mariner started,
 Trembling, feeble, dejected, he wander'd away!

The bright star of eve hath oft rose o'er the mountain,
 The toil-worn-out shepherd bent homeward his way;
 No longer reclin'd on his staff at the fountain,
 Is the mariner's form at the † gloaming of day.

* Routing Linn, where the river precipitates itself over a range of rifted rocks into a deep gulf below, boiling around in various eddies before it finds a free passage; it is called in the north of England, and I apprehend also in Scotland, a Linn.

† Gloaming, Scotch; English, twilight.

From his stone by the rill this sad story I borrow,
It marks the lone spot where he sank down in sorrow ;
Where he slept—'twas for ever—no sun of to-morrow
E'er shone on the suff'rings of DUNCAN MACRAY.

S O N G.*

FRESH and strong the breeze is blowing,
 As yon ship at anchor rides ;
 Sullen waves incessant flowing,
 Rudely dash against her sides :

So my heart its course impeded,
 Beats within my perturb'd breast ;
 Doubts, like waves, by waves succeeded,
 Rise, and still deny it rest.

Additional Stanzas.

CEASE, fond heart, thy constant beating,
 Cease, and think thy lover true ;
 Yes, he wept ! when hence retreating,
 Sad, he sigh'd a long adieu !

* The shortness of the above admired little song induced me, at the desire of a lady, to lengthen it by two additional stanzas.

Ocean ! cease thy troubled roaring,
Billow ! rise in storm no more,
Waft him safe, whose loss deploring,
Ever thus I tread the shore.

BUONAPARTE'S ADIEU

TO

E L B A.

ADIEU, lonely Elba, thou eye-sore to me,
 Thou cold stony prison firm fixed in the sea ;
 The moss-cover'd rocks on thy wave-beaten shore,
 Shall echo my slow wayward footsteps no more.

I hate thee ! thou ill-boding island of woe !
 With pleasure I leave thee, enraptured I go ;
 Glory calls me—elated, her voice I obey,
 And Austerlitz sun shall again cheer the day.

Thou check to ambition, thou bar to my fame,
 Thou blast to my fortune, thou stain on my name ;
 I hate thee ! thou rock ! by ill-chance rudely driven,
 A wreck on thy shores ! by the mandate of Heaven.

Those fools who could dream I would dwell on thy shore,
 Shall be wak'd from their visions of folly once more ;
 My hatred to them, and to thee I proclaim,
 And I'll raise on their ruin my footsteps to fame.

S T A N Z A S

ON

A YOUNG SAILOR SLEEPING.

O'ER the boundless ocean roaming,
 What hath hope to do with me ;
 Life's day hast'ning to the gloaming,
 Yet no sign of peace I see.
 Sleep, oh, sleep, my sailor-boy !
 Gently sleep, my sailor-boy.

Youthful sailor, tranquil sleeping,
 Whilst the moaning night-winds rave,
 Dream'st thou that some dear friend weeping,
 Shall with flow'rets strew thy grave ?
 And bid thee rest in heavenly joy—
 For ever rest, poor sailor-boy !

Vain is hope, for damning slander
 Will assail thy spotless name ;
 Long and weary wilt thou wander,
 Ere thou gains't an honest fame.
 Time will fairy dreams destroy,
 Sleep in peace, my sailor-boy !

Youth's bright day spent on the billow,
Faint Hope smiles, and distant all;
Lightly on thy early pillow,
Heavenly visions peaceful fall.
Sleep secure, and dream of joy,
Softly sleep, my sailor-boy!

*Near the Shetland Isles,
in a severe gale of wind.*

G L O R Y.

HASTE to the field where glory leads
Her daring sons, a dauntless throng ;
Where stretch'd on earth the soldier bleeds,
Yet pours the valour-breathing song.

Haste to the field where every eye
Displays the spirit of the soul :
Where streaming banners float on high,
And thunders shake the distant pole.

Lo, mounted on his fiery steed,
The warrior bounds along the vale ;
'Tis Glory calls, nor does he heed
The shriek of death, on ev'ry gale.

Lo, from the turret's airy height,
Wide-spreading fires of vengeance play ;
'Tis Glory leads him to the fight,
And points through flames the warrior's way.

Lo, mark from yonder vaulted steep,
 The fleets meet dreadful on the wave ;
 'Tis Glory smooths the angry deep,
 Her vot'ries scorn a wat'ry grave.

Hail, Glory ! once inspir'd by thee,
 My youthful heart beat proudly high,
 Scorn'd all the terrors of the sea,
 And bade Britannia's vengeance fly.

False, fleeting hopes, now all at rest !
 Can Glory change a mortal's doom ?
 Can Glory animate the dust,
 And raise my ELLEN from the tomb ?

Glories of earth ! a long adieu !
 Ye only lead to dark despair ;
 On HEAVEN alone I bend my view,
 Where Glory lives exempt from care.

*At Sea,
 near the Island of Jenedos.*

S T A N Z A S

ON THE

BIRTH-DAY OF THE HON. HENRY FREDERICK
JOHN JAMES PERCEVAL.

Written by desire of Viscountess Perceval.

NOBLE in blood, for early virtues fam'd,
Born to fulfil a mother's fondest prayer ;
Like him, with hallow'd love be SPENCER nam'd,
Be still thy chief concern, thy country's care.

When many a birth-day o'er thy head hath past,
And many a laurel twines thy manly brow,
May every year prove brighter than the last,
As springs the patriot up to public view.

In thee still lives that ever honour'd name,
Which stemm'd the torrent of intemp'rate zeal ;
Then fell, pronounc'd by foes exempt from blame,
And mourn'd by all that could for virtue feel.

Though SPENCER fell, the vile assassin's mark,
 Bedew'd with tears, embalm'd with many a sigh,
 That name, that soul, still lives—that hallow'd spark,
 Kindled by HEAVEN, can never, never die.

Oh, soft and mildly, yet it lives in thee,
 Fair opening to the dawn, I see it rise :
 That generous spirit—open, bold, and free,
 Which Britain's glory more than life will prize.

Fly swift ye years, and to the senate bring
 This gallant champion in fair Freedom's cause ;
 Whose flow of eloquence from truth's pure spring,
 Shall humble France, and strengthen England's laws.

Friend of thy PRINCE ! stand firm at his right hand,
 And from his eyes false reasoning's film remove ;
 Teach him this truth—" To rule a happy land,
 The crown's best safeguard is the people's love."

Like SPENCER, rise a beam of heavenly light,—
 Yes, thou wilt early emulate his fame ;
 Champion of Britain, rise in youthful might,
 Surpass thy relative's illustrious name.

'Then shall thy Mother clasp thee to her heart,
 With joyful pride which angels might approve,
 To see thee act the able statesman's part,
 Blest with thy Sovereign's and the People's love.

Curzon Street, May Fair.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE PROGRESS OF VICE.

How fair arose the opening morn,
How bright and blooming was the sky ;
The sun beams banish'd gloom forlorn,
Despair fled sorrow's waking eye.

Pass a few hours—how chang'd the scene !
Dark clouds obscure the face of Heaven ;
And o'er the forest's crest of green
Are tempests wing'd, by fury driven.

Thus useless thought life's tablet strews
With fairy scenes, too bright to last ;
And folly's child directs his views
Of time to come, by what is past.

How bright the early dawn of youth !
How smooth and pleasant all his ways !
In opening manhood, Heaven-born truth
Revolts at flattery, smiles, or praise.

Soon dark and dreary sets the sun
 Upon his short and virtuous day :
 His race of happiness is run,
 And passion seizes on her prey.

Awhile he struggles with the flood,
 Then yielding, travels with the stream
 That winds through folly's tangling wood,
 And lulls his soul in pleasure's dream.

Too late to turn, he forward glides,
 Through tempting snares of vicious ease ;
 But soon the stream on which he rides,
 Expanding, shows oblivion's seas.

Pale terrors croud on every side,
 Repentance calls him to the shore ;
 But chain'd to vice by stubborn pride,
 He plunges headlong in the tide,—
 Shrieks, struggles, and is seen no more.

Palermo, 1799.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

WRITTEN

*During a calm Evening near Cape Trafalgar, on board
His Majesty's Ship, Canopus, November, 1811.*

How gay the sun shines on Trafalgar's height,
How mild the waters murmur on the shore,
As though yon rocks ne'er shook with rude affright,
Or ocean trembled at the cannon's roar.

The gentle stream from Lucar's vine-clad hill,
In tranquil silence varying sweeps the dale ;
The fisher's* evening pipe sounds quick and shrill,
Aloft the fruit-boat spreads her fragrant sail.

* The Spanish fishermen, when lowering the net into the sea, join in a hymn to the Virgin for success, which the man at the helm accompanies on a flageolet ; this evening there were upwards of three hundred boats employed in this pleasing occupation, and an equal number laden with fruit for the supply of Cadiz.

On azure skies the vessel seems to sleep,
 Scarcely a zephyr curls old ocean's brow,
 Which on Trafalgar's morn lour'd black and deep,
 When vict'ry lash'd him from her NELSON's prow.

Here, on this spot, the pride of France and Spain,
 Mov'd in majestic pomp before the wind ;
 And humbled here, they swell'd the victor's train,
 Who swept the shores, and left but wrecks behind.

On yon proud hills suspense had ta'en her stand,
 Ten thousand peasants rais'd enquiring eyes,
 The flower of Spain on Cadiz crowded strand,
 Breath'd zeal's strong pray'rs and holy hope's fond sighs.

Some parent, lover, sister, brother, friend,
 From ev'ry turret wav'd a last adieu !
 And answering guns, from either navy send
 Back to their friends the thanks of every crew.

Thanks, that on earth they'll never more repeat,
 For round the Puntals* guarding Leon's isle,
 Bursts on their view the gallant British fleet,
 Led by th' unconquer'd Hero of the Nile.

Spread, VILLENEUVE, spread thy squadrons to the main,
 And wind LANGARA through 'Trafalgar's shoals,
 Extend thy crescent, ev'ry effort's vain,
 Vengeance would reach thee, shelter'd by the poles.

* Two forts, so called, defending the entrance to Cadiz harbour.

It comes, it hastes—the hour of wrath and woe ;
 Long slumb'ring vengeance is arous'd at last ;
 Horror's domain spreads high, hell's gulph below
 Yawns wide, and mis'ry howls upon the blast.

Conquest and death ride on the light'ning's blaze,
 “ With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd ;”
 And dazzling glory, bright, round NELSON plays,
 Whose mandates shake, convuls'd, the wat'ry world.

Masts, yards, and streamers, booms, and shiver'd sails,
 Yield with rapidity to Briton's fire ;
 Aloft ! below ! wild flames are fed by gales,
 And helpless thousands in despair expire.

Redoubling thunders roll from east to west,
 Mingled with conq'ring cheers, and life's last cries ;
 Lo, NELSON bleeds—he sinks on Vict'ry's breast,
 Who bears his soul immortal to the skies !

Calmness succeeds, the day of vengeance o'er,
 Mercy extends her hands on every side ;
 A BLACKWOOD* hastes each sinking wreck t'explore,
 And rescues hundreds from the raging tide.

* Sir JAMES BLACKWOOD in the *Euryalus* frigate, with an intrepidity never surpassed, ventured amongst the sinking and burning wrecks on a dangerous lee shore, and rescued hundreds from the jaws of death ;—the Spaniards bore grateful testimony to his humanity. Downshire, in Ireland, has the honour to claim this truly gallant seaman : his family have long added lustre to the annals of his native land.

With carnage-cover'd decks, and sides blood-dy'd,
 Wounded and faint GRAVINA seeks the bay :
 Nine shatter'd wrecks, scarce floated by the tide,
 He drooping bears from this disastrous day.

Oh ! day of sorrow, ever to be wept,
 Whilst sighs shall murmur, or whilst eyes shall weep ;
 Oh ! day with gladness ever to be kept,
 While Britain holds her empire o'er the deep.

Trafalgar's victory, thou wast purchased dear,
 And long shall praises mix'd with anguish flow ;
 Though NELSON sunk on Honour's glorious bier—
 And Heaven a nobler end could not bestow.

Here, on this spot, where NELSON's ardent eye
 Sparkled delight, and victory great foretold ;
 Here let me kneel, and bless thee with a sigh,
 Shade of the great, the generous, brave and bold.

Oh, may my child, if arms he ever wield,
 Thy bright example ever make his aim ;
 And meet, like thee, on Victory's crimson'd field,
 A glorious death, and never-dying fame.

* GRAVINA died of his wounds in Cadiz bay : he escaped with nine ships. He was a Neapolitan by birth, and related to the royal family ; without doubt, the ablest admiral in the Spanish service.

NELSON ! I'll praise thee with affection's zeal,
Protector of thy country and her king ;
" Till low in dust," this heart hath ceased to feel,
This voice on earth for ever ceas'd to sing.

The dark clouds gather round Trafalgar's height,
Discern'd, half viewless—now discern'd no more ;
The scene of NELSON's glory quits my sight,
And night in silence settles on the shore.

S T A N Z A S

TO

EMILY.

How throbs my fond heart, as the time fast approaches,
 Which parts me again from my *EMILY*'s arms ;
 How laden my mind with a thousand reproaches,
 And trembles my soul with tumultuous alarms.

Roll on weary hours, how slow are ye pacing,
 Fly swifter than thought ye dull moments away ;
 Look forward bright Hope, and assist me in tracing
 Those scenes, where delighted my fancy can stray.

Thou, Hope, canst the months of confinement make bright,
 Canst make independence receive me again,
 Canst tell me—"no more in the tempest wrapt night,
 Shall the fugitive traverse desponding the main."

Thou tell'st me, with *EMILY*, free from all danger,
 I yet may sit down with the babe on my knee ;
 'That peace to this bosom shall not be a stranger,
 That home, love, and comfort, are waiting for me.

Thou whisper'st, that sorrow no more shall distress me,
But tranquillity come, clad in Spring's smiling bloom;
That fortune and friends are combining to bless me,
And chase from mine eyelids the shadows of gloom.

Hail! goddess of Hope—ever dear to my breast,
I'll dedicate to thee my last solemn lay :
Indulging thy visions, awhile I find rest,
And life's fading prospects look bright in decay.

White Cottage, Chelsea.

THE MANIAC'S DEATH-BED.

I, JOY to muse at this still hour,
When fast descends the cooling rain,
Reviving every herb and flower,
With vegetable life again.

'Tis then by memory's living aid,
Of slender form and sombre hue,
Those airy sprites disease hath made,
Are shown in retrospective view.

Of blasted leaf and deadly fruit,
Strew'd by affliction's palsied hand,
Fall mis'ry's seeds, and soon take root,
To flourish noxious round the land.

While health and sanity are mine,
More than life, love, and riches dear,
Let pity's orbs surcharg'd incline,
Where human misery claims a tear.

Beneath this roof, above this head,
 With pallid cheeks and sunken eyes,
 Stretch'd helpless on his final bed,
 The poor expiring MANIAC lies.

The face, oft wet with pity's tear,
 With hectic flushes, fitful glows,
 The tongue that whisper'd comfort near,
 Is lock'd by death in mute repose.

The soul, where reason held her throne,
 Now wildly wanders like the blind ;
 And sense, with feeling ever flown,
 The noble wreck of human mind.

Vain all the aid of fost'ring care,
 Which here compassion kindly lends ;
 Here hope allures from sad despair,
 And misery finds attentive friends.

In vain their efforts, death's embrace
 Hath chill'd bright hope within the grave,
 And tears roll o'er th' attendant's face,
 Who sees thee sink and cannot save.

And surely, round thy bed of death,
 It will an aged parent cheer,
 To know compassion watch'd thy breath !
 And clos'd thine eyes with many a tear.

With bended knees and upward hands,
God's minister for thee pray'd low,
To watch a dawn of reason stands,
With balm for ev'ry human woe.

Yet, though no reason on thee shone,
Though perish'd thou in mental gloom,
Religious hope, says thou art gone,
To reign in triumph o'er the tomb.

The prayer that female kindness breathes,
With soften'd soul is ever thine,
That pitying Heaven its choicest wreathes,
Immortal round thy brow may twine.

S O N G.

Time was, like thee, I courted life,
 And wander'd o'er each scene of pleasure ;
 Time was, like thee, I joy'd in strife,
 And deeds of madness without measure.

A lass and glass were bliss supreme,
 All sorrow, care and pain beguiling ;
 And raptures, such as Poets dream,
 I saw in ev'ry wanton's smiling.

Few were the years that o'er my head
 Had pass'd, and left no trace of sorrow,
 A transient visitor—she fled
 Before the prospect of to-morrow.

Bright with new joys the morning rose,
 The evening sun that kiss'd the billow,
 Saw folly's night-shade round me close,
 And lead me to a sleepless pillow.

Yet many a pang my breast surpris'd,
And with the raptur'd moments blending,
Recall'd the hour, when first despis'd,
Was virtue with her train attending.

With anguish I look baek on life,
And execrate each scene, call'd pleasure,
Regret the hours I spent in strife,
And deeds of madness without measure.

E L L E N.

Love, thou sacred, tender passion,
Kind refiner of our youth,
Fly the seats of pride and fashion,
Haste to virtue, peace, and truth.

Here thy constant vigils keep,
Never, never, from us flee ;
Softly let my ELLEN sleep,
Let her dreams be all of me.

Let my breast her pillow be,
Gently throbbing with delight ;
Still beneath the hawthorn tree,
Let me watch her slumbers light.

Far be every dream alarming,
Dove-ey'd peace the hour beguile ;
Let me see her bright eyes, charming,
Open on me with a smile.

Let me see her with confusion,
Hide her blushes in my breast,
When I press her to my bosom,
Let me hear her sigh—she's blest.

TOM AND MARIA.

“ Where died he, stranger, in his country’s cause?
 Blest be the man, whose pure and gallant blood
 Flows for his country’s liberty and laws.”

GISBORNE.

“ For in life’s path, tho’ thorns abundant grow,
 Still there are joys poor Poll ean never know,
 Joys, which the gay companions of her prime
 Sip, as they drift along the stream of time.

BLOOMFIELD.

TOM SPRINGSTAY was honest, was gentle, and kind,
 Lov’d his king, lov’d his country and friend ;
 Tom had weather’d thro’ life many hard gales of wind,
 And of trouble had ne’er seen an end.

Though Tom’s gallant soul had a feeling for all,
 If he’d sixpence his friends had a part ;
 Yet fair-wind or foul, day and night, calm or squall,
 He sigh’d for the girl of his heart.

MARIA was beauteous, and mild as the dove,
 Unto TOM she had ever been true ;
 But sooner or later, fate severs true love,
 And she bade him a long, long adieu !

He took a last kiss, saying “ wherever I go,
 From my thoughts thou shalt never once part ;
 And my last words shall be, (if I’m slain by the foe)
 A pray’r for the girl of my heart.”

Distracted she gaz’d, beheld TOM spring on board,
 The winds inauspiciously blew ;
 She saw him make sail at the boatswain’s harsh word,
 As the gale bore him swift from her view.

Round the point as they turn’d with gay stu’n’-sails on high,
 Pale and trembling she stood on the shore,
 Rais’d her eyes, and saw TOM, droop’d her head with a sigh,
 For MARIA saw TOM never more.

The gallant rigg’d ship flew before the brisk gale,
 To look out, TOM was station’d on high,
 Ushant bearing south-east, he espied a strange sail—
 Clear the decks, man the guns, was the cry.

Close pursuing the foe, soon they rang’d along side,
 And boarding with three British cheers,
 They haul’d down the ensign—no longer the pride,
 Of those haughty and boasting Monsieus.

Four seamen there fell, a bold British few,
 On the cold bed of glory they died,
 Not a face, but look'd sad through the frigates whole crew,
 'Twas for honest TOM SPRINGSTAY they sigh'd.

In striking the colours, he yielded his breath :
 He died acting nobly his part ;
 And sigh'd as he struggled, convulsive, in death,
 Heaven guard the sweet girl of my heart.

By the light of the moon, oft MARIA came forth,
 And wander'd the sea-beach along,
 Defied the cold blasts that arose in the north,
 And was sooth'd by the night bird's sad song.

To her fond heart she painted that holiday time,
 When she'd clasp him with love's soft alarms,
 To her bosom of peace—in his own native clime,
 United and safe from all harms.

At length the ship came, and Tom's friend leap'd on shore,
 To MARIA he instantly hied,
 " My messmate, thy Tom, thou wilt never see more,
 On the cold bed of glory he died."

Of her senses bereft, see MARIA now stray,
 With her hair waving loose in the wind,
 Eager asking each sailor—why Tom keeps away,
 And why 'Tom to MARIA's unkind?"

When the dark storms of night and the fierce beating rain,
 Spend their wrath o'er Tom's watery urn,
 All plaintive she calls, by the rough dashing main,
 For him who can never return.

What eye but sheds tears at MARIA's* sad tale?
 What heart but Tom's fate must deplore?
 Though unhappy their lot in this life's stormy vale,
 They'll be blest when this world is no more.

*On board H. M. S. Venerable,
 Portsmouth, 1802.*

* I have seen the unfortunate girl who occasioned the foregoing Elegy, and have been ask'd by her, in a tone and manner, which I shall not forget, until the power of commiseration has left me for ever—the pathetic questions contained in the 14th verse.

S T A N Z A S

TO THE MEMORY OF

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN DOUGLAS,

Who died of a broken heart, at Blackheath, 1814.

'Twas ev'ning, every breeze was still,
 The wave flow'd gently to the shore,
 And softly rose o'er Flamstead Hill,
 The voice of many a bard of yore.

There OSSIAN, on his throne of clouds,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre,
 And near him, wrapt in sable clouds,
 Burst forth great SPENSER's notes of fire.

Sublime and lightly DRUMMOND treads
 By RAMSAY's side, with graceful ease,
 And MACNEIL's native language pleads,
 In strains the hardest heart would please.

High over all, BURNS soars supreme,
 His wood-notes warbling sweetly wild,
 And whilst a DOUGLAS is his theme,
 Old OSSIAN clasps his favorite child.

Then THOMSON, crown'd with nature's wreath,
 Appears—the SEASONS with him move,
 And angel forms around him breathe
 The sighs of Pity, Peace, and Love.

All join in anthems o'er the place
 Where DOUGLAS liv'd, by truth admir'd,
 Till Calumny rear'd her miscreant face,
 When, broken hearted, he expir'd.

Behold his country's poets come,
 While princely honours wait his bier,
 To hymn his blessed spirit home,
 The virtuous shades of yore appear.

Amongst them DOUGLAS' soul is gone,
 Secure from slander is the grave,
 Beyond its gulf—the spirit's flown,
 Which here was virtuous, good, and brave.

Pure was his heart, for peace dwelt there,
 Alive to misery's wailing cry,
 And as that glorious morning fair,
 When love's light wings shall fan the sky.

Intrepid in the darken'd hour,
 And dreaded by his country's foes,
 His soul defied all human power,
 Still rising as the battle rose.

He bask'd not in that flattering sun,
 Which shines at easy fortune's call ;
 But shar'd the laurels nobly won,
 On Acre's ruin'd, blood-stain'd wall.

Oh ! why, ye ministers of wrath !
 Select ye victims not your due ?
 Why cross the hero's righteous path,
 Whom foul dishonour never knew ?

Why should deceit live proudly high,
 And candid truth in ashes sleep ?
 Or riches glad the miscreant's eye,
 Which tears of want and woe should weep ?

'Tis vain to ask—a little time
 Will shew why honours deck a knave ;
 If virtue finds a happier clime,
 And meets reward beyond the grave.

For Persecution's deep-laid snares,
 Round DOUGLAS artfully were laid ;
 He 'scap'd them—and this world of cares—
 He fills the tomb for honour made.

So long as valour is approv'd,
Devoted to its Prince and King,
While firm integrity is lov'd,
Shall future bards a DOUGLAS sing,

The bards he lov'd—with anthems rise,
His soul exalting o'er the grave ;
And never spirit sought the skies,
So purely righteous, good, and brave.

A B S E N C E.



ABSENCE cures the mind of fancies,
Absence regulates desire,
In Absence oft we muse with reason.—
Reason, virtue's friends admire.—

Admiration thrives on knowledge,
Firmly rooted, timely grown ;—
Time matures a just affection—
Absence makes it truly known.

Valencia, 1811.

DONALD AND MARY,*

A Tale of the Isle,

ON Arran's cliffs the wild waves roar,
 And winter's howling tempests fly;
 Dark clouds on Goat-fells'† summit lou'r,
 Clos'd is day's weary languid eye.

* The above ballad was written to commemorate an event which happened in the summer of 1808 —A man, belonging to the Isle of Arran, situated near the entrance of the Firth of Clyde, had, with the savings of many a laborious year, purchased a small open boat, with which he traded to Ireland, went fishing, &c. It was returning from thence one day, after disposing of his little cargo of fish, that he was ordered alongside of a tender, near the shores of his own island. Being a young and healthy fellow, they wished to impress him, and finding a *few pounds of soap* in his boat, it furnished them with an excuse for their barbarity. They seized him as a *smuggler*, hurried him into the receiving ship at Greenock, and burnt his boat (the sole support of a wife and infant child, together with a lame and helpless parent).

† A lofty mountain on the Isle of Arran.

All free from care lay lock'd in rest,
 And night reign'd empress of the vale,
 When MARY rose with woe oppress'd,
 Unbarr'd the door, and brav'd the gale.

The unfortunate father was refused a sight of his son, and driven from the side of the vessel.—It had such an effect upon his aged feelings, that he returned to the island, sickened, and in a few weeks died of a broken heart.

A twelvemonth after the impressed man had sailed for the West Indies, his wife received the terrible news that he had fallen a victim to that dreadful scourge of the human race—that avenger of African misery—the yellow fever.

A year of bodily, as well as mental affliction, passed in poverty, and aggravated by “hope deferred,” which the psalmist truly says, “maketh the heart sick,” had not left the poor forlorn MARY strength to bear up against this last final blow to all her peace in this world; she, *also*, died, and left a helpless orphan to execrate that free and *happy* constitution, which cannot subsist without being defended by a portion of its subjects dragged into slavery.

The poverty that has ushered this child into life, is a strong reason for supposing that in death he may prove a devoted victim, like his father, and close the sad catastrophe of an unhappy family.

Captain TATHAM, of the royal navy, then regulating captain at the port of Greenock, addressed two letters to the author in the Greenock Advertiser, which were replied to by him:—Captain TATHAM is not one of the number who could perpetrate such an act of wanton cruelty. Humanity shudders at the

Where rocks o'erhang the western flood,
 And mock the boiling surge below,
 High on their summit MARY stood,
 And thus the widow's sorrows flow :—

LAMENT,

O'er the white-bosom'd ocean I cast mine eyes sadly,
 When nightly I wend to this summit to mourn :
 How great once my transports, my heart beat how gladly,
 When from Erin's green isle I saw DONALD return.

Though small was his bark, yet, alas ! 'twas our all,
 And though trifling its cargo, 'twas riches to me ;
 Of my child's hungry cries it soon silenc'd the call,
 And brought DONALD with happiness safe o'er the sea.

contemplation of horrors, inflicted by petty tyranny and merciless oppression ; but a day of awful retribution will most certainly arrive, in a place where favour can be of no avail—where power and distinction have no place.

It remains only for me to say, that this ballad was written at the request of Captain JOHN FULLERTON, proprietor of an estate in the Isle of Arran, who furnished the author with the particulars. The author is happy in the opportunity this affords him of mentioning, with sincere regard, an old friend, not more honored in public for his talents as an officer and seaman, than esteemed in private life for his candid disposition, truth, and honest integrity.

Ten guineas he'd got, hardly earn'd from the world,
 These he barter'd for goods upon Erin's green isle,
 That done, his low sail he with rapture unfurl'd,
 And in fancy beheld of his MARY the smile.

The hills of dear Arran his eyes now are greeting,
 Before me he soon hopes to spread his small store ;
 Ah ! DONALD, the visions of fancy are fleeting,
 Thy wife and thy babe thou didst never see more.

Like an eagle, that darts on the dove as his prey,
 A tender appear'd, and made DONALD the prize ;
 To the dark-bosom'd hulk they have borne him away,
 Where they teaz'd him to anguish, and scoff'd at his sighs.

His poor humble bark was both plunder'd and wreck'd ;
 He pleaded his wife, and they laugh'd at the name :
 His pride rose in silence, his feelings he check'd,
 For oppression is dead to love, pity, and shame.

White and few were the locks on the temples of age,
 And furrow'd the cheeks where tears flow'd for a child ;
 Accurst be his name in true honour's bright page,
 Who look'd down on a father and scornfully smil'd.

'Twas the parent of DONALD, whose prayers were in vain,
 A short, a last look was denied of his son,
 He was spurn'd from the ship where a monster held reign,
 And Despair clos'd the work which Oppression begun.

In silence he came :—yes, his lips clos'd for ever,
 My child round his knees a fond father desired ;
 The tears of the aged said, “never, ah ! never—
 Thy father’s a slave”—he look’d up, and expir’d.

To the climes of fell India my DONALD was hurried,
 Where pestilence kills both the coward and brave,
 Beyond the Atlantic my DONALD is buried,
 Where the tears of a wife cannot water his grave.

Oh, Ruthless destroyer of all my heart cherished,
 The curse of the widow and orphan be thine ;
 May lasting remorse in thy bosom be nourish’d,
 And thy sufferings, if possible, greater than mine !

Rich wast thou, a tyrant, abusive of power,
 But the great and all-powerful looks down on thee now,
 His mercy will fly thee at life’s latest hour,
 And horrent despair settle dark on thy brow.

On Arran’s cliffs the wild waves roar,
 And winter-howling tempests fly ;
 No MARY treads the sounding shore,
 With tearful, supplicating, eye.

All free from care are lock’d in rest,
 And night reigns empress of the vale ;
 The cold earth hides the poor distrest—
 O’er MARY’s bosom sweeps the gale.

On Arran's cliffs, whilst waves beat high,
Or wild heath on her mountains bloom,
For her the tear shall gem each eye,
Who sank in misery's deepest gloom.

The wand'ring bard thy tomb shall view,
All lonely near the western wave,
And strike his harp, to feeling true,
In sadness o'er thy humble grave.

*Written at Belfast, in Ireland,
on board the Wickham cutter, in 1807.*

S O N G.

Old Scotch air "What ails this heart o' mine."

THE wind blows high, and billows rise,
 Thick darkness gathers round ;
 Blue lightnings gleam across the sky,
 And thunders shake the ground.
 Clos'd is each door, no footsteps tread,
 But, ah ! unhappy me !
 Shall I in shelter rest my head,
 Whilst WILLIAM ploughs the sea ?

He loves me ! yes, so dear am I,
 He'd die to give me rest ;
 Yet slumbers from my eye-lids fly,
 Except upon his breast.
 My WILLIAM ! gentle, kind, and brave,
 I, wand'ring, think on thee,
 Who, when'd by many a rolling wave,
 Yet ever thinks on me.

His right arm round my waist he'd twine,
We tript the meads along,
When mild the morning sun would shine,
To hear the lav'rock's song.
Sweet were her notes, but o'er my mind,
A saddening thought would flee—
That WILLIAM, smiling, good, and kind,
Would soon be far at sea.

Look, WILLIAM, on the moon's pale face,
Whene'er she glads the night,
And I in her thy thoughts will trace,
With exquisite delight,
Though round my cot the meteors blaze,
When thou art far at sea,
I'll dauntless walk on her to gaze,
To think on love and thee.

THE WILLOW.

How sweetly her voice breaks the silence of night,
In murmuring strains by the dark waving willow ;—
'Tis the song I admire—'twas EMMA'S delight,
When wafted in peace o'er the unruffled billow.

'Twas the song that she sung when she lay on my bosom,
Love's first dearest pledge—my own darling boy—
'Twas the song which she chaunted, when day softly closing,
We hied to our cottage of rapture and joy.

'Twas our bridal-day hymn, when in virgin white flowing,
Her hand and her heart were resign'd to my arms ;
When I prest her soft lips, where love's roses were blowing,
And seal'd the dear bond that secur'd me her charms.

'Tis the song that hath cheer'd me on death's solemn field,
And rous'd all the warrior to life in my breast ;
Inspiring religion, it prov'd a firm shield,
When Glory stood tiptoe on honour's proud crest.

It is ended—the strain of my fondest delight—

Love points to repose on his rapturous pillow !

How often, my EMMA ! I'll bless the sweet night,

And the song which thou sang by the dark waving
willow.

Dalintober, Argyleshire.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,
 ON
THE DEATH
 OF
 LIEUTENANT - GENERAL ROSS.

“ On some fond breast the parting soul relies.”

GRAY.

WHY hangs a dark cloud o'er proud battle's array?
 What low solemn strains gently float on the wave?
 'Tis the sound of the harp—'tis the last closing lay,
 When the warrior sinks to the gloom of the grave.

When age and infirmity bend to the tomb,
 The mind is prepar'd by the gradual decay;
 Not so, when the brave are cut off in their bloom,
 Though victorious they die upon Glory's bright day.

Fair son of the morning! ah, where art thou fled?
 Is thy spirit, immortal, for ever gone forth?
 Strike, OSSIAN,* thy harp—soothe the soul of the dead—
 Descend on the dark rolling clouds of the north.

* OSSIAN and CAROLIN, favorite authors with General Ross.

Let CAROLIN join thee, sublime on the gale,
 Till the groves of Rostrevor* re-echo the sound ;
 And the warrior's fame over nature prevail,
 As Hope lifts the widow in peace from the ground.

For Ross was most dear to his country and friends,
 Who long shall exultingly hallow thy name,
 The blessings of thousands thy death-bed attends,
 Supported by valour—encircled by fame.

Hark ! the bugle sounds deep, it awakens the soul,
 As the banner of England is rear'd up on high ;
 The havock commences—the cannons loud roll,
 As thousands rush forward to fight and to die.

Still some bosom-tie holds the warrior to life,
 Though his spirit, all brave, for the battle is steel'd ;
 That fate snapt the chord as Ross sigh'd ‘ Oh, my wife !’
 And her name clos'd his lips upon honour's last field.

See Glory stand mournful to catch his last breath,
 To save the pure spark of celestial fire,
 Immortal to blaze—he has triumph'd in death,
 With a fame unexampled that cannot expire.

* Rostrevor, a celebrated bathing place, in Ireland, and the family residence of General Ross. Covered with wood, it stands sublimely on a lofty peninsula, forming the western barrier to the gulf of Newry, in the county of Down, and is not exceeded for picturesque scenery by any thing similar on the coast of England.

HOPE ;

TO

B E R T H A.

WHY does the roguish BERTHA smile,
 And say she hopes not as I do?
 Yet practice many an artful wile,
 Which brings both Hope and Joy to view.

Hope, playing, smiles o'er all thy face,
 True index of a yielding mind ;
 The wanton loves thine eyes that grace,
 Are not as poets paint them—blind.

Oh ! if some other happier youth,
 Receives from thee affection's sigh,
 Destroy me with the dreadful truth,
 But on thy bosom let me die.

And when in raptures I expire,
 When love to heaven reluctant flies,
 Recall him with the living fire,
 Which sparkles in thy glowing eyes.

WAR SONG.

ROUSE, SONS OF BRITANNIA ! and fly to your arms,
 'Tis NAPOLEON threatens your coast,
 On your shores he already has spread war's alarms,
 And the conquest of England's his boast.

United and free, in defence of your laws,
 To the standard of victory spring ;
 Raise high the right hand in a truly great cause,
 For your country, religion, and king.

French gold and French freedom we equally hate,
 Gold plunder'd from nations once brave ;
 Let prostrate Helvetia arise and relate,
 What freedom the conqueror gave.

In chains the fond father a captive is borne,
 Conscription the son tears away,
 His lost wife and daughters abandon'd, forlorn,
 To the vilest of mortals a prey.

Stand off, horrid fiend ! 'tis a mother that pleads
 For a daughter ! and is she undone ;
 Then raise thy curst dagger, add death to thy deeds,
 For that crime only death can atone.

She falls ! from her breast streams the last blood of life,
 And she smiles on the opening grave ;
 Hark ! a husband expires in defence of his wife—
 I have heard the last groans of the brave.

The murderer of Jaffa looks sternly around,
 On the car of destruction he springs ;
 Blood-dy'd are his garments, and hark to that sound !
 Breathing vengeance to Freedom and Kings.

To bravery death, and meek virtue despair,
 He deals 'mid the battle's loud roar ;
 And the banners of Anarchy, rais'd in the air,
 Are the signal that Freedom's no more.

And is happy BRITANNIA reserved for this end,
 The fairest isle under the sky ?
 No ! we swear our lov'd country to keep and defend,
 Or entomb'd in its ruins to lie.

Hand to hand, foot to foot, on our sea-beaten shore,
 To receive our proud foe will we stand ;
 Surrounding blue waves shall be purpled with gore,
 Ere his feet shall pollute our dear land.

Then rouse, Sons of Freedom, defending just laws,
To the standard of Victory spring,
Raise high the right hand in a truly great cause,
For your Country, Religion, and King.

Dublin Castle.

THE GLORIES OF BRITANNIA ;

OR

THE RECORDS OF FAME.

THE war dream of sorrow, of anguish, and sighing
 Is fled, and bright peace now illumines the ball,
 The watch-word no longer is conquering or dying,
 But, live and be free, is the theme "one and all!"
 To bless thee, BRITANNIA, all nature combining,
 Sends Truth thy great deeds to the world to proclaim ;
 Ever green be the laurels thy temples entwining,
 Immortal thy works in the Records of Fame.

Silver Isle of the Ocean ! with mild lustre shining,
 Rock of Freedom ! unshaken, and never to fall !
 To thy prince, Father NEPTUNE, his trident resigning,
 Exalts thee a bulwark and safeguard to all.
 Where man sunk debas'd with vile tyrants around him,
 Thy WELLINGTON flew and releas'd him from shame
 Sublime be the glories his actions surrounding,
 And first be their place in the Records of Fame.

He who grasp'd in his fancy the thunder of Heaven,
 By whose caprice expir'd both the virtuous and brave,
 'To disgrace, by thy NELSONS and WELLINGTONS driven,
 Exists, by permission, a fugitive slave.
 Ah, NELSON ! the hero who liv'd in commotion,
 That peace which thou died for our canuons proclaim ;
 Exalted on high is the Hero of Ocean,
 And deathless his acts in the Records of Fame,

Oh, blest be the heroes who Glory's bed died on,
 And soft be their slumber in Honour's proud grave,
 Due praise and reward to the living we pride in,
 Who fought the good fight, and who conquer'd to save.
 Ah, happy BRITANNIA ! where beauty residing,
 Smooths joyous love's pillow, each warrior's claim,
 Ever green be the laurels thy daughters confide in,
 Ever first stand thy sons on the Records of Fame.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

“ In the field of proud honor, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save ;
When victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
Ah! who would not die with the brave.

BURNS.

Low sunk the muddy sun in night,
“ Sheath the sword, and end the fight,”
Cried WELLINGTON to his glorious band,
Who, wearied, halted at command,
Then howed to Heaven in fervent prayer,
And thank'd a great PROTECTOR there ;
Still distant heard the battle's sound,
That lingered on devoted ground,
As the last stragglers fly the field,
And to impetuous valour yield ;
Tir'd with the battles hard-fought toil,
The soldier courts the bloody soil,

Resigns himself to tranquil sleep,
 'Midst scenes would make an angel weep,
 And rest and silence close his eyes
 From dying groans and pity's cries—

His pillow is the hapless slain,
 On Waterloo's blood-reeking plain.

No moon-beam glances on the hills,
 And every blast its fury stills,
 Whilst Britain's Chieftain treads the ground,
 Which late in doubt he look'd around,
 Nor knew throughout the battle's rage,
 On which side victory would engage—
 Yes, now he muses o'er the scene,
 Which crowns his brow with laurels green,
 And stamps with never-dying fame,
 A WELLINGTON's illustrious name !
 For this he brav'd the battle's roar,
 With charger's fetlock deep in gore,
 As round his head in awful stream,
 The cannons flash and sabres gleam.
 Now night her funeral pall extends,
 He mourns both dying foes and friends—

Even conquest gives the Hero pain,
 On Waterloo's ensanguin'd plain.

How different at this solemn hour,
 NAPOLEON's awful prospects lour ;
 Yes, Tyrant ! thou who urged thy way
 Through slaughter to imperial sway :

Director of the murd'ring steel !
 Compassion even for thee I feel ;
 The Conqueror of an abject world !
 From hope, from fame, and empire hurl'd.
 On him what shallow terrors seize,
 He starts at every whisp'ring breeze,
 He flies, and nearly flies alone,
 He hastes from nature's dying groan.
 Child of Ambition ! Passion's tool !
 Born to mistake and to misrule ;
 He cannot fly the victor's skill,
 Whose strong right hand is o'er him still—
 Yet spurs his steed with slacken'd rein,
 From Waterloo's destructive plain.

Oh, day of Victory ! ever dear,
 Renowned in every passing year ;
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry,
 Are lost in sounds of Victory.
 Compassion struggling in the soul,
 Is even check'd at her controul :
 We sigh to think on them who died,
 And in the living conquerors pride,
 Behold the chief of BRUNSWICK'S race !
 Beheld where YORK, in honour's place,
 Assiduous to his martial ties,
 Dries up the soldiers' widow's eyes,
 And finds each orphan's fate can send
 A home, a country, and a friend.

Then bright with glory be that day,
 When crush'd NAPOLÉON's tyrant sway—
 And WELLINGTON forbade his reign
 On Waterloo's triumphant plain.

When rolling years have pass'd away,
 'The traveller o'er this plain shall stray,
 When many a green hill marks the grave,
 Where sleeps the bravest of the brave ;
 And he will breathe to heaven a prayer
 For you who rest in silence there ;
 And fair shall be their place of rest,
 By summer's hand with flow'rets drest ;
 The murmuring stream shall peaceful flow,
 And round it weeping willows grow,
 And every flow'r that breathes perfume,
 Wave gently o'er the warrior's tomb,
 And nature's lap of green be spread,
 With fragrant sweets for honour's bed,
 And all her bounty grateful yields,
 Be lightly scatter'd o'er the fields,
 Where thrice ten thousand brave were slain,
 On Waterloo's immortal plain.

THE RING:*

A Tale of Truth.

THE night was gloomy, wet, and cold,
 The moon and stars o'ercast ;
 And o'er the hills dark rolling came
 The furious northern blast.

Anon the light'ning pierced the gloom,
 Of nature's solemn pall ;
 Now show'd Sir BERTRAM's awful tomb,
 Now Mitford's castle wall.

* A new married friend of the Author's having lost her wedding ring, the servant girl, on whose weak and superstitious mind the *misfortune* had made a deep impression, dreamt, or imagined she dreamt, that the ring was underneath the bed of her mistress, and, on searching, it was there found. The whole village concluded it had been pointed out by the finger of Providence. This trifling circumstance gave birth to this trifling tale.

n torrents ran the Wansbeck* down,
 Wide-spreading, deep, and high ;
 And loud was heard throughout the vale,
 The Screech owl's funeral cry.

When trembling at the dreadful storm,
 In bed poor MARY lay,
 And oft she mumbled o'er her prayers,
 And oft she wish'd for day,

* The river Wansbeck washes the base of Mitford Castle, now in ruins ; near it is the church, in which is an ancient, and not inelegantly sculptured monument, erected to the honour of a person named, thereon, BERTRAM His figure at full size is reclined on the back, with the hands clasped in a praying attitude ; above are the arms of the Mitford family, and in the centre this inscription :

“ Here lies interred, within this molde,
 A generous and virtuous wighte ;
 Whose due deserte can not be tolde,
 From slender skille unto his righte.

“ He was descended from a race
 Of worshipful antiquitie ;
 Lov'd he was, in his life's space,
 Of high and eke of low degree.

“ Rest BERTRAM in this house of clay,
 Ruefully unto the latter day.”

By the side of the effigy is this couplet.

“ BERTHAM to us so dutiful a son,
 If more were fit it should for thee be done.”

The little clock behind the door
 Had struck the midnight hour,
 Ere Morpheus MARY's eyes had clos'd
 With sleep's refreshing power.

At that dread time, when spirits blue,
 Move slowly o'er the green,
 And flitting thro' the churchyard's gloom,
 Departed ghosts are seen.

Poor MARY toss'd and roll'd about,
 The bed-cloaths kick'd away,
 Both quilt and pillows on the floor,
 In different places lay.

The bolster now no longer us'd,
 Was thrown from off its place ;
 And where her heels were wont to rest,
 Now rested MARY's face.

As topsy-turvy thus she snor'd,
 Half sleep, and half awake,
 The storm was hush'd—the winds at peace,
 No more the house did shake.

The full orb'd moon emerged to view,
 The skies grew bright and fair,
 Whilst Heavenly sweets descending round,
 Perfum'd the ambient air.

When hovering o'er her restless bed,
 A being did appear,
 Array'd in every beauteous bloom,
 That crowns the varying year.

Her silken locks of auburn hue,
 Light in the zephyrs play'd,
 And on a bosom—heavenly fair,
 As fair a hand was laid.

A thousand little smiling loves,
 Watch'd round her angel face ;
 Serene she spoke, and wav'd her hand,
 With majesty and grace.

“ I am,” she said, “ a guardian sylph,
 To attend upon the fair ;
 And chace dark sorrow from their breasts,
 Is my peculiar care.

“ As thro' the skies o'er Mitford vale,
 I wing'd my airy flight,
 To see what caus'd the dreadful storm,
 I sent an airy sprite.

“ Who, horror struck, with speed return'd,
 The direful news to bring,
 That ANNA, lovely, young, and fair,
 Had lost her wedding ring.

“When Sol shall light the morning skies,
 Aloft do thou repair,
 And underneath the bed of love,
 The magic hoop is there.”

Now rose she gently on the clouds,
 With all her airy train,
 Who sang the joys of wedded love,
 When freed from earthly pain.

The morning sun in splendour rose,
 The Heavens to deck with purple vest,
 And shone on MARY's comely face,
 Who sprang from broken rest.

Upstairs she ran, let Mitford vale,
 Loud songs of gladness sing,
 For underneath the marriage bed,
 Was found the wedding ring.

Plac'd once more on the trembling hand
 Of ANNA, by her swain,
 Secur'd, with many a fervent kiss,
 For ever to remain.

Oh ! guardian Sylph, accept our thanks,
 Thy praise we'll always sing,
 For BEAUCARE sure had lost his wits,
 Had ANNA lost her ring.

S T A N Z A S,

FOR

A Chinese air to be found in BARROW'S Travels.

CAN I e'er cease to think on thee,
 Beyond the bounds of Europe's sea,
 Where many a whirlpool awful roars,
 Tremendous upon Cathay's shores—
 I envy every gliding sail
 That hastes to Cathay's smiling vale.

Though ting'd with brown her tranquil face,
 Her form is bless'd with every grace,
 Unknown her speech, I read her sighs,
 And love lives in her sparkling eyes—
 Thy beauties Europe all would fail
 To match with her of Cathay's vale.

The oak crown'd hills of Britain's isle,
 Approaching summer's genial smile,
 I'd quit, and live for ever where
 Tonchefon's palm trees scent the air—
 Where Gohul spreads the scented gale
 Around the pride of Cathay's vale.

Whilst Britain's dauntless seamen haste
To China, o'er the watery waste ;
Whilst torrid suns scorch Gohul's hills,
And my warm bosom memory thrills—
 Till o'er me sweeps, unheard, the gale,
 I'll bless the flower of Cathay's vale.

P R A Y E R

Written immediately after the birth of Charles.

FATHER of all ! whose power supreme
Extends beyond the reach of thought,
We make thy name our grateful theme,
And thank thee for thy mercies wrought.

Accept due thanks for this dear child,
Grant him to live beneath thy care ;
And as the face of Heaven looks mild,
Mildly accept our grateful prayer.

Oh ! on this little helpless head,
Let fall pure drops of fostering dew ;
The veil of mercy mildly spread,
From him conceal sin's pleasing view.

Father of all ! who reign'st above,
O'er thousand worlds to us unknown,
Thy blessing on this pledge of love,
We suppliants beg before thy throne.

ON THE DEATH
 OF A
 FAVOURITE CANARY BIRD,

Belonging to Viscountess PERCEVAL.

I LOVE to view the little shrine
 Where low my favourite's relics lie,
 To muse on joys which late were thine,
 Ere death had clos'd thy languid eye.

Thy song made pleasant many an hour,
 Dispelling anxious thought and fear ;
 When perch'd within the joyous bower,
 Thou didst the lingering moments cheer.

When round me every thing was gay,
 And pleasure came at love's appeal,
 In sympathy my bird would play,
 With many a light and airy wheel.

And there were eyes, now clos'd in death
 As silent and as cold as thee,
 Which wept when thou resign'd thy breath,
 For dear they knew thou wast to me.

That heart-pulse now is still and dead,
 Which throb'd with joy to hear thee sing,
 That form which stoop'd to see thee fed,
 Now soars upon an angel's wing.

And many a day of pure delight,
 Thy notes have cheer'd my MARY through,
 Till darkness brought those slumbers light,
 Which round her couch affection drew.

Sweet as the rest of childhood's morn,
 And softer than an infant's sigh,
 Mild as the hour when Hope was born,
 And Love descended from the sky.

Thus past the days my bird hath seen,
 Days which I ever shall deplore,
 Transient as thy short life hath been,
 And like it—will return no more.

Sweet bird ! though no hereafter's thine,
 This strain thy memory shall prolong ;
 And fond remembrance love thy shrine,
 Mark'd with the sailor's plaintive song.

Blackheath.

T H E A R R I V A L

O F A

P A C K E T.

WHEN time hath fled, on solemn wings,
O'er many a dark and cheerless day,
And joys that wanton fortune flings,
Have wing'd to Heaven their fleeting way ;
How sweet to hear from those we love,
The welcome letter to unseal—
What joys the trembling heart must prove,
What extacy the soul must feel !

O'er ocean, far compell'd to rove,
Rock'd on his false and restless breast,
For years remov'd from those we love,
With many a bitter pang oppress ;—
How sweet to hear the welcome news,
“ A British packet steers for land !”
She furls her sails, and meeting crews
Press many a loving shipmate's hand.

The mail is open'd—every face
Speaks expectation, hope, and fear ;
My name is called—the hand I trace
Of her I long have lov'd so dear.
How sweet to hear from those we love,
The welcome letter to unseal,
Those joys the trembling heart must prove,
Who loves like me alone can feel.

Gibraltar, 1811.

S T A N Z A S,

ON THE

Glorious Victory in the Pyrenees.

RED the sun betimes now streams,
 Through hovering clouds a piercing ray ;
 Round WELL'SLEY's head bright glory's beams
 Proclaim him Conqueror of the day.

Daughters of Albion lock'd in rest,
 Whose lovers tread Iberia's shore ;
 'This hour will crush those visions blest,
 Of joys that shall return no more.

For hark ! " the raven flaps his wings,"
 The famish'd vulture soars and screams ;
 Round ruin's neck, pale Misery clings,
 And horror's eye with frenzy gleams.

Lo, from the Pyrenees' rugged side,
 The hordes of France rush o'er the fields,
 Like some impetuous mountain tide,
 Resistless all before them yields.

Thus hath, of late, the Lava's stream,
 Burst from the mountain's heaving side,
 O'er fields of peace, with fires that gleam,
 Till some rude mountain stemm'd the tide ;

Whose head in ancient grandeur clad,
 Defies in strength, the torrent's force ;
 Saves every friend behind his shade,
 And turns the liquid lightning's course.

So WELLESLEY stood, and turn'd the storm,
 Tremendous back upon the foe ;
 Whilst death and horror, day deform,
 And on the blast howls pain and woe.

Conquest and Death, rise high in air,
 With blood-stain'd banner wide unfurl'd,
 Rush through the lightning's vivid glare,
 Exulting o'er a warring world.

Lo, from a hundred different hills,
 The bursting flames of vengeance play ;
 Fame, every British bosom thrills,
 And leads her WELLESLEY's dauntless way.

The chiefs from Lusitania's shore,
 Which he had saved, when none could save,
 Rush forward, as the tempests roar,
 Which formed the Egyptian's wat'ry grave.

Through every part of battle's space,
His eye of fire the scene could scan ;
And when SOULT fled dishonour's race,
In keen pursuit he led the van.

The despot shrunk within his shell,
No more shall point his horn of pride,
No more across the dark RHINE's swell,
Shall Murder's champion dare to stride.

Child of the dark and lonely hour,
He dies upon the approach of morn ;
His honour'd lustre, void of power,
Quits him neglected and forlorn.

As sinks the glacier's frozen crest,
Beneath the summer's piercing ray ;
So fades the meteor of the west :
The glow worm lives not in the day.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

The dream of oppression hath pass'd o'er for ever,
 See peace drawing nigh, gay her olive branch wave ;
 The strong bond of Freedom, what mortal can sever,
 Not a being that breathes upon this side the grave.
 Hail ! Allies, renown'd by true courage and virtue,
 And, whilst the vile tyrant ye haste to destroy,
 Rely on that Power, whose favour hath led you,
 Through nights of deep gloom, to the day spring of joy.

ALEXANDER, renown shall emblazon thy name,
 And BERNADOTTE, child of the fortunate field,
 Shall by *Liberty* stand in the temple of Fame,
 Her glory—her safeguard—her stay, and her shield :
 And by those who triumph'd, and by those who died,
 England swears to be firm in humanity's cause ;
 When man, long debas'd, now resumes his just pride,
 Claiming lib'ral support, and most grateful applause.

Hail ! *Germany*, hail ! for the war-whoop of death,
 The sleep of thy cradles no more shall arouse ;
 Thy Virgins no longer with tremulous breath,
 Plead for pity to him who destruction avow

They fly on the land, as their ships on the ocean,
 Like dastards retreat, and as captives return ;
 The souls of freed millions are all in commotion,
 With valour they glow, and for vengeance they burn.

What ! the world's great Dictator, the scourge of mankind,
 Who beckon'd, and nations bent low to the ground !
 Does he fly ?—aye, like chaff swept-away by the wind,
 His person and power no more to be found.
 He whose *will* was the *law*, and *injustice* his *will*,
 Whose mercy was murder to friends and to foes ;
 The monster, who gloried to ravish and kill,
 Hath now not a place where his head can repose.

Will he ask for a shelter from yon wretched father ?—
His dark locks are red with his gallant son's blood :
 Will he humble for alms before yon speechless mother ?—
 Her darling is dead—*he* depriv'd it of food.
 From the poor maniac's basket, dare he beg a crust,
 Who wanders bewilder'd, the lone forest's side ?
 For *him* her fond lover was levell'd in dust ;
 For *him*, as a conscript, he fought, bled, and died.

Hail, Allies illustrious, pursue him to death,
 Let not mountains or rivers retard your career ;
 Give not time to the villain to halt and take breath,
 Till his last breath escapes him on misery's bier.
 May glory and vengeance direct you along,
 And Europe's deliverance most nobly fulfil ;
 Flight, a few weary days may his curst life prolong,
 But the right hand of God is stretch'd over him still.

And oh, for the bold gallant fellow whose weapon,
Shall be dy'd to the hilt in the murderer's gore ;
Let *beauty* provide him *love's* pillow to sleep on,
War, fury, and death, break his slumbers no more.
Hail firm band of Allies each conflict sustaining,
Be your banners victorious wherever unfurl'd,
Till the freedom of mankind, with courage maintaining,
Ye establish the glory and pride of the world.

Crawford Street.

DONALD AND MAGGY.

A Caledonian Ballad.

'Twas gloamin', and cauld blew the blast o'er the heather,
 The drifted snaw rase in white heaps on the plain ;
 The northern lights gleam'd thro' the mirkest o' weather,
 And shew'd, roaring awfu', the white foaming main.

The thun'er in brattles seem'd tumblin' upon folk,
 The light'ning bizz'd past on the wind burnin' blue,
 When DONALD and MAGGY held fast their auld cloak,
 An', spackering alang, shut their e'en frae the view.

Och ! sair blows the blast, quo' auld DONALD to MAGGY,
 This comes biding out late, the Deil's skirlin' I vow,
 An' but for the toomin o' thy curst wee cogie,
 We'd baith been asleep in the chaff-bed ere now.

MAGGY girn'd, and braid glowering in word and in deed,
 Cried, thou art the druckenest mortal of a',
 Lap-sided she whomeled, nor stap't to tak heed,
 But brast DONALD's gab up agane the stane wa'.

DONALD gat up good humour'd, sayin' MAG we're baith
drucken :

An' hameward they tummell'd devoid of a' shame,
Loudly singing at whiles an' each others chins chuckin',
While we live may we nightly thus fou' toddle hame.

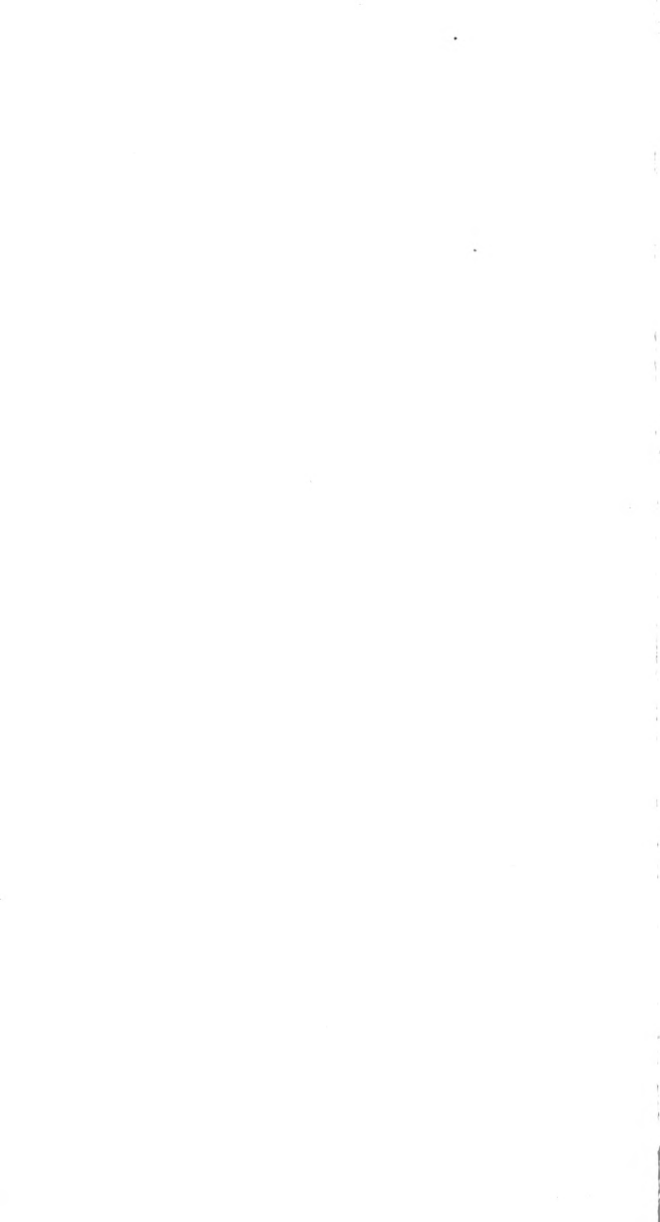
ERRATA.

Page 25, line 5 from bottom, for *Jass'mine's* read *Jess'mine's*.

Page 32, line 8 from bottom, for *explore* read *deplore*.

Page 42, line 3 from top, for *translated* read *translation*.

Page 58, last line, for *Jenedos* read *Tenedos*.



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